

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. X.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., JULY 3, 1879.

NO. 37

JOHN CLARK, JR., & CO.'S



BEST SIX CORD, FOR

Machine or Hand Use.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

All Numbers and Colors,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

By Klutz and Rendleman,

Salisbury, N. C.

Little by Little.

One step and then another,

And the longest walk is ended;

One step and then another,

And the largest rest is mended;

One brick upon another,

And the highest wall is made;

One flake upon another,

And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,

By their slow but constant motion,

Have built those pretty islands,

In the distant dark-blue ocean,

And the noblest undertaking,

Human wisdom hath conceived,

Thus by oft-repeated efforts

Have been patiently achieved.

They do not look disheartened

Over the work you have to do,

And say that such a mighty task

You never can get through;

But just endeavor, day by day,

Another point to gain,

And soon the mountain which you feared

Will prove to be a plain.

"Home was not built in a day,"

The ancient proverb teaches;

And Nature, by her trees and flowers,

The simplest sermon preaches,

Think not of far-off duties,

But of duties which are near;

And having once begun to work,

Resolve to persevere.

For the Watchman.

Flagtown Letter.

JUNE 25th, 1879.

Editor Watchman: In our communication

of April we parted at the "Big Pot,"

which is about midway the "Narrows,"

heavily opposite the "Rock House," on the

Stately side. After "rest and refresh-

ment," we continued our trip down the

river, taking in our route the "Big Raft"

which is made up of thousands of cords of

drift wood from the various counties ly-

ing along the banks of this noble stream.

One would suppose that such an immense

collection of decaying timber would gener-

ate malarial diseases; but fortunately

the country is very sparsely settled, and

the southwest winds which usually pre-

vail during the summer months, bear the

scum into a wilderness inhabited only by

Jerusalem of old, its walls have been pulled

down its streets plowed up (but not

sowed with salt). Where ancient lawyers

dispensed eloquence, and heavy judges

dispensed justice, the Misses Adelaide and

Elizabeth Krou are now reaping a rich

harvest of corn, wheat and cotton. Here

in a quiet spot, enclosed by a neat stone

wall, may be seen the grave of the late

Henry Delamoth, a native of France and

great uncle to the Misses Krou. They as

natives, and of "the minor born," became

the happy recipients of his immense real

estate, which they would gladly exchange

for Government securities, owing to the

difficulty in obtaining good tenants.

About a mile below Old Henderson, Is-

land Creek empties its turbid waters and

gold bearing sands into the Yadkin, or

rather Pee Dee, as the Yadkin is called

below the mouth of the Cape Fear. Is-

land Creek and its many tributaries have

immensely rich in gold, and nothing is

wanted to make it an El Dorado but

capital and scientific mining. At the junction

of this stream, the Misses Krou have

fine mills. Higher up the creek Mr. Wm.

Carter has flouring and gristmills, and

also a saw-mill. Going down the river

we pass Blakely, a steamboat town, call-

ed into existence by the misguided energy

of a man who expected to make a "big

thing" of the navigation scheme. At

Swift Island we found a printing press,

some valuable mill property and a defunct

cotton factory, which, by the judicious

expenditure of money, might be made a

paying institution. A few miles below

Swift Island the Gaines Mills are located,

now owned and run by James A. Living-

ston. Another noted place on the river

is Allentown whose inhabitants were many

years ago swept off by that dreadful

scourge, the yellow fever.

Below the junction of Clark's Creek,

Messrs. Watkins & Andrews own very

disirable mill property, a cotton gin and

store. They are both enterprising busi-

ness men and are doing a fine business.

The distance from Stokes Ferry by the

river to the Richmond line is about thirty

miles. The lands all along this distance

are very valuable. The water power is

sufficient to run the machinery of the

United States. The gold quite sufficient

to liquidate the nation's debt, and timber

enough to wear out all the saws old Dis-

ten ever saw, with stone enough to pave

the highways of the State. What the

people want is a railroad from Salisbury

by way of Stokes Ferry, Flagtown, Swift

Island, Mt. Giload and Little's Mills to

Rockingham. We are too poor to build

it. We will give the right of way and

timber and stone enough to build and

equip the road. Can't you, through the

columns of the Watchman, induce some

Burning a Man Alive.

A Druze farmer in Bashan borrowed

600 piastres (\$24) of a retainer of Sheikh

Shibly. At the end of the year he was

unable to pay. The creditor said, "Give

me your daughter for the debt, and I will

pay you her dowry, deducting the amount

of the debt." The farmer consented, and

demanding \$120 as the dowry. The credi-

tor offered as payment an order on the

Sheikh. The farmer refused to accept it.

The creditor was angry, and day after

day insulted the farmer, entering his

house and even insulting the harem.

This so incensed the farmer that he shot

the creditor. The Sheikh then assem-

bled and condemned the farmer to death

"By what death?" asked the Sheikh.

"They all cried, "Burn him, burn him!"

"Let him be burned, then," said Sheikh.

They began to gather wood, when one of

them said: "Why gather wood? Let us

use the American oil." They im-

mediately clothed him with a sheepskin

cloak, with the wool outside, and poured

kerosene oil upon him and set it on fire.

He leaped and screamed, and begged for

mercy, crying: "Woe is me! Do you

not fear God?" When he drew near to

death the Sheikh Shibly said: "Stone

him with stones." They then stoned him

with stones until a great pile of stones

was heaped over him. This was done in

the presence of the whole multitude of

the people.—Translated from a Syrian Jour-

nal.

The Emperor of Austria has just been

presented with a remarkable suit of

clothes. The wool from which the gar-

ments were made was upon the sheep's

back eleven hours before the suit was

completed. At 6.08 in the morning the

sheep were sheared; at 6.11 the wool

was washed; at 6.37 dyed; at 6.50 pick-

ed; at 7.34 the last carding process was

finished; at 8 it was spun; at 8.15 spool-

ed; at 8.37 the warp was in the loom;

8.43 the shuttles were ready at 11.10 seven

and three-quarter ells of cloth were

completed; at 12.03 the cloth was filled;

at 12.14 washed; at 12.17 sprinkled; at

12.31 dried; at 12.45 sheared; at 1.7 napped;

1.10 brushed; and at 1.15 pressed

and ready for the shears and needle. At

5 o'clock the suit, consisting of "hunting-

jacket, waistcoat and pantaloons," was

finished.

THE QUESTION.—"I beg your pardon,"

and with a smile and a touch of his hat,

Harry Edmond handed to an old man

against whom he accidentally stumbled the

can which he had knocked from his

hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We

were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit!" said the old man, cheerily.

"Boys will be boys, and it's best they

should be. You didn't harm me."

Egyptian Ways.

General Lowry interviewed by the Herald.

"In the first place," said he, "the

Khedive was a man of fabulous wealth

and progressive ideas. On his own

estates he employs 58,000 laborers and

10,000 camels, and he had the largest

sugar refineries and mills in the world.

His palaces were extensive and mag-

nificent, and he built them with his

own money. Then, for the benefit of

his people, he dug canals, built docks

and railroads, school-houses, and or-

ganized an army of 50,000 men. To

do all this required more money than

even he possessed, so he was obliged to

borrow. There was a small national

debt when he came to the throne. This

he increased first and last to one

hundred million pounds, not more

than one-half of which ever reached

him, having to pass through so many

hands. With such a debt to contend

with Egypt had a hard struggle. The

people were dissatisfied, and there

were signs of a storm. Goschen and

Joubert, the English and French fin-

anciers who came over to help him

out of his difficulties, told him the

first thing to be done was to get rid

of Saidik Pasha, the Minister of Fi-

nance, familiarly called Mofetish. The

Mofetish arose from the people; he

was originally a fellah, but had been

with the Khedive ever since he was

a Prince. He was a great favorite

with the people, who loved him better

than they did the Khedive at that

time. The Khedive thought over

what his advisers had said, and, with

him, to think is to act. He invited

Mofetish to drive out with him. They

rode to the outskirts of the town, when

the Khedive stepped out of the car-

riage, which was immediately surround-

ed by a guard, and Mofetish has never

been heard of from that day to this.

Some say that he was dropped into

the Nile; others that he was taken up

the river to some lonely place where

he drank himself to death. Poor fel-

low! I think he had some idea of his

impending doom, for he came to me

the morning of his fatal ride and

squeezed my hand as though he never

would let go. He was very rich. He

built half a mile of palaces in Cairo

which were furnished with a gorge-

ousness beyond the description of any

pen save that which wrote "Arabian

Nights." In these palaces he had 300

wives, who are left to mourn his loss.

I do not blame the Khedive. Goschen

and Joubert are the ones responsible

for the life of Saidik Pasha. They said

"Get rid of him," and the Khedive

obeyed. Perhaps they did not

Highway Robbery in Mexico.

Mexican correspondent of the N. Y. Graphic.

Highway robberies are not quite as

frequent lately as in former days, but

one occurred near Zacatos about a

fortnight since that was of rather a

serio-comic nature. One bright morn-

ing when the Diligence was driven

up to the hotel the loiterers (to whom

its arrival was the event of the day), and

the market women and housewives of

the vicinity were surprised to see all

the green silk shades dropped over

the glass part of the doors. As Bon-

iface emerged from the hotel he called

out to the driver, "No passengers to-

day?" John interred one word, "Rob-

bed!" "Were all murdered?" queried

one of the bystanders. "Maria

Purissima pray for them," ejaculated

one of the women, and several crossed

themselves murmuring prayers for the

unfortunates. John looked at the

landlord and pointed mysteriously to

the door of the coach. Mine host

approached, opened it, seemed to par-

ley with two or three cursing, growl-

ing individuals, then turning to the

crowd smilingly advised the women

to withdraw. His manner only in-

creased the feminine curiosity, so

wives and maidens determined to stand

their ground and learn the denou-